

The St. Joseph's Collegian, Rensselaer, Indiana.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1905.

No. 4.

A Recollection.

THE sun serene on hill and brooklet lay
As the wind came up from over the sea;
Then came the thought of home so far away,
As if the wind did bring the thought to me.

Nor sun nor sea that thought dispelled
Of the home so far across the sea;
But the longing in my heart upwelled,
As the wind did bear the thought to me.

The sun has gone beyond the hills,
But the brook still babbles free;
The thought of home yet lags and thrills,
Tho' the wind has died upon the sea.

M. SHEA, '06.

The Magazine and Its Age.

LITERATURE is the mirror wherein are reflected the customs and impulses of each passing generation. As the breath of the living is discernible on the glass, so, too, does literature record man's most secret thoughts and aspirations. It contains, as it were, the confessions of the soul, of the individual soul and the soul of a nation.

Reflecting thus faithfully whatever men think or do, we may suppose it to exhibit the characteristics of an age. We know that there are certain periods in which men's habits of thought and speech show a marked difference from those of the former. The present age regards many things in a different light than the people of a hundred years ago. Literature, then, naturally divides itself into distinct epochs with characteristics more or less vital. The most marked and striking feature in the realm of letters today is the magazine. So great a power has it become that it distinctively marks an epoch, not only in English letters, but in the literature of both ancient and modern times.

Isaac D'Israeli, brother of Lord Beaconsfield, has aptly written: "The invention of reviews could not have existed but in the most polished ages of literature." The truth of this statement is apparent from English history. When Lord Jeffrey began the publication of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, the so called Classical Age of Queen Anne and the Georges had raised literature

higher and higher in polish and brought an ever increasing number of people within its influence. The galaxy of great writers that flourished near that time were the product of an age of polish and culture. General illiteracy had disappeared, and people had begun to read extensively. An ever increasing number of men were found willing and able to wield the pen. Books were costly and cumbrous and irregular in appearance, hence the periodical review or magazine. It remains to be observed, however, that from the very beginning the magazine had not a distinctly literary purpose, but rather a practical one, that of influencing men on commercial and political subjects, and this is still its dominant note.

While the magazine is hardly a century old, it has a unbounded range, owing to the fact that general education has made the people eager for knowledge. Men are so nervously active in all walks of life, and are learning so much that is new in every department of science and thought, and are moreover so eager to put forth their knowledge, that none of the magazines will be obliged to cease publication for lack of material.

On considering the effects of the rise of this powerful agent in modern literature, may we not ask the question, "Is it for good or evil?" Power—and the magazine has the power of a monarch,—must bring with it forces that act either for better or worse. Manifestly the review has many faults, but to point out all its merits and demerits, and to examine its influence in the realm of art and ethics, is not within the scope of this article. Its

general effect is certainly to help the spread of education and refinement, though perhaps in a somewhat superficial manner.

On literature its influence is diverse. As it is a factor in the formation of this epoch of literature, so the spirit of this age of utilitarianism and specialization—and withal general superficiality—must pass through its pages to the field of letters. It may be affirmed, however, with truth that in the magazines of greater merit the articles are not wanting so much in depth and insight so much as in exhaustiveness. They are touches thrown lightly on the canvas.

A fault for which the magazine is often censured lies in a somewhat florid diction. This is to a certain extent its mark, as extravagance in statement and expression is the mark of the newspaper. Still it cannot be said to be altogether unidiomatic; since our best writers are largely engaged in magazine and newspaper work. The magazine article is usually correct and artistic, cultured and refined, at least to a degree. No article entirely devoid of literary grace and finish would find favor with the reading public of today. What is lacking however, is the personal impress. Magazine and newspaper writing seems to exercise a certain leveling process upon the habits of thought and expression, repressing that quality of style which its highest mark, individuality.

Another question rushes upon us with the answer of the last, and that is, "How long will the magazine annoy or delight the literary world?" It were vain to attempt an answer to

this query. It seems to have come to stay, being represented not only in the literary but in every field of knowledge. With the general craving for light literature, the short story, and the essay; with the great number of men anxious and able to supply that kind of literature; and the ease of making magazine publishing remunerative, owing largely to the fact that it is so extensively used as a medium of advertising, its decline is apparently far distant.

As long as the modern era of criticism exists; as long as the American lives within the passing hour, the magazine will guide his thought and leave an ineffaceable mark on our growing literature.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



“Buttons.”

The Tale of a Dog.

I am just a common dog, black, with a spot of white on my breast; which, I think, is a birth-mark. My parents I do not remember. I have just a faint recollection of my mother, yet I have learned to love her with all a dog's affection. I often wonder where my mother may be, and if she fares as well in this cruel world as I. Some day I hope to meet her, and never did prodigal prove as true as I will to my mother.

But now I am little Tim Connell's dog, and I am as proud of my master as he is of me. Life

with little Tim is not all devoid of joy. To play with my poor little sick master is my greatest pleasure, and when he laughs and casts off the gloom which his crippled life has cast over his youthful face, my heart leaps with joy. When the sun is hot, I love to nestle down beside his seat in the friendly shade, and here I nod and doze, as any young dog will do.

One bright morning I left my cozy corner to visit my cousin "Rabbit" at Warner's. "Rabbit" was an adopted cousin, and we had been chums for months. Unluckily for me, an aspiring baseball team from the Brother's school was bound in my direction, and, sad to say, I suffered great indignities. As I sped down the street with the odious tin can ringing at my heels, I felt that the whole world was cruel, and only one person was my friend, my master Tim. When at last I arrived at Warner's, "Rabbit" met me at the door of his home, and—I regret to say it—he grinned.

I am a firm believer in the saying that a real friend never laughs at his friend's misfortune, and with great hauteur I turned before the astonished eyes of my friend, and stalked away, back to the feet of little Tim, my one true friend.

He stroked my back and took the can from my tail, and told me to stay by him, soothing my wounded heart with words of sweet encouragement. Thus ended my first trip to the streets, and the lesson which this experience taught me left me a much wiser dog.

As I said before, life with the little master was all sunshine, but alas, for me it was to be short.

I had ventured forth on another tour of the streets, when an unforeseen misfortune overtook me. I was seized, and, although I barked and snapped my very best, I was carried far away to the kennels of a dog vender (I knew he was such from his great number of dogs,) and here I made my home.

I will not describe my life in this place, for I have marked it as the darkest hour of my existence, and I never refer to it without a bitter feeling against my jailer.

But brighter things were in store for me. I was nodding one day in my kennel, when I was aroused by voices near-by. Curiosity prompted me to see the speakers, and my eyes fell upon the most beautiful young lady I had ever seen. She was coming up my way, and I straightened up. I had no idea I was to be her choice, but I know that I at once felt that life with such a one as her would be paradise in comparison to my present unendurable state. And yet it brought a pang to my heart when I thought of dear little master Tim, whose life and happiness was so dear to me.

I did not continue long in my perplexed state, for the lady whom I had seen approaching bought me for twenty dollars (I overheard the bargain), and, to tell the truth, I was not entirely unwilling to accompany my new owner. I must confess, up to the present day I had enjoyed a little experience in every state of life, but the rich I had yet to learn. But now I was ushered into dream-life. My home was indeed luxurious, and my treatment was as gentle and indulgent as though I were a child. It really went hard with my disposition to submit

to such laborious treatment, but ere long I grew used to it. My daily hours of romping and exercising were anxiously awaited, and life seemed to be worth the living only for these brief hours. Months passed, and I was daily treated in the very same manner. By this time I may say without boasting that I had grown into a handsome dog. Mr. Thad Carewe, who was a frequent visitor at Miss Edith's home, took a special interest in my development, and it did not take me long to discover that he was a rare judge of dogs.

One evening when I had nestled down at his feet, with ears and eyes attentive, I heard him speak of a show, a dog-show, which was to take place the next week. He was coaxing Miss Edith to let him take me as a contestant. Needless to say, I started from my lethargy at this remark and straightened up to the full extent of my glory.

"See, how he stands there," exclaimed Mr. Thad. "By Jove, Edith, I know, he will take a ribbon. Please let me have him." At last it was agreed that I should go to Chicago for the show. During the next week it was all milk and honey for me, and unusual care was taken of my shining skin. On the day of my departure I was as fresh and as happy as could be. One gloomy phantom arose before my eyes on the eve before, when I again recalled my dear little master Tim. Truly, my life had been happy for the last six months, since I had grown accustomed to aristocratic environments, but I could not help feeling that my real place was at the feet of my master Tim.

I am afraid I slept little that night, my heart

filled with conflicting emotions as it was, with joy tinged with regret. But Mr. Thad was on hand bright and early, and away to Chicago we hurried, I in a neat basket, in the hands of my admirer.

Here we entered upon the most confusing spectacle I had ever seen. Great rows of benches and kennels occupied the entire length of the immense building, each with its occupant barking or yelping with lusty vigor. My place was reserved, and I immediately took possession. I had just settled down and smoothed out the wrinkles caused by the journey, when the judges came along. Mr. Thad was on hand and under his careful eye I was by this time in perfect condition. I stood the test well, and when every feature had been noted and the judges had passed on their way, commenting favorably on me as they went, I heaved a sigh of relief and looked askance at Mr. Thad.

The preliminaries were over in a short time, and my pride could not be measured when I was called in for the finals. To the final bench I was carried, and Mr. Thad was all-careful that not a hair should be disturbed. I knew he expected me to take the blue ribbon, and I wanted to take it, but unforeseen circumstances prevented. I had been placed on my pedestal and was eyeing the curious crowd, when all at once my heart gave a bound of joy. There stood little Tim, still pale and on his crutches. As I looked he started forward, and soon I was locked in his arms. No blue ribbon for me. I had no further desire to compete, but longed to stay with him I loved best.

I liked to feel his little hands rub my back, and I wondered how I could have lived so long without this happiness.

This is my story. I am little Tim's dog once more and have no desire but to gladden the sad heart of my master.

D. L. MONAHAN '06.



To the Spring Beauty.

AH! pretty waif from fields of white,
In Eden's grace yet freshly dight:
Why wooest thou those sunny days
When gentlest sunshine sheds its rays
In thickest haze of gladness bright?

But when dark clouds all brightness blight
Thy tiny brow in meekest fright
Thou hidest from the vulgar gaze,
O pretty waif.

And is there now no gallant knight
To raise thy timid brow to sight?
Ah, 'tis a beam that softly strays
From where his sire the sceptre sways,
And again thou art a joyous sprite,
Thou pretty waif!

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Archbishop Hughes.

(An Address.)

IN speaking of the great men that were bred in the troublous times of the forties, fifties, and sixties, we ought not confine ourselves to those of the battle-field and political arena. The religious field has also produced its heroes, and they are none the less such because they fought against adversaries that made use of deceit, calumny, and public prejudice instead of the sword and cannon. Indeed, it was nothing short of heroic to be the defender of the Church in the age of Know-nothingism, when public sentiment was intensely inimical to the Church, and even men of enlightenment and education thought her the embodiment of everything evil. It was then that Catholics in America needed champions of unusual character, men of strength, boldness, steadfastness, devotedness and aggressiveness. The first Archbishop of New York was such a champion. He was a power and leader, at once unique and ideal. He fought, suffered, and died on his battle-field; but, like Caesar, he knew not defeat. It is well for us to cherish his memory, and to study his life for our own guidance and inspiration.

John Hughes! the very name speaks courage, activity, application, valor and sanctity. It belongs to the catalog of the St. Pauls and St. Chrysostoms. Let Erin name her greatest sons and this name will be with the foremost. Let Columbia

measure the patriotism of her children, and she will marvel at the vast deal found in the heart of John Hughes. This may seem paradoxical, but it is certainly true. Seeing America he embraced her; he became an American in a single day.

Catholic America has only one Archbishop Hughes. He wielded a more powerful influence than any other American bishop has ever possessed." When the Philadelphia riots had "set mischief afoot" and Catholics throughout the land were threatened with loss of churches, libraries, homes, rights, and even life; when the Know-nothings had already raised their hands to strike and repeat in New York, what Philadelphia had just witnessed—then it was that bishop Hughes, with words of thunder and with pen that flashed fire, stayed the awful catastrophe that was about to break forth. He roused the Catholic element, warned and instructed them.

"Do the laws compensate for damage done by rioters?" he asked of an official. The answer was "No." "Then the laws intend that citizens shall defend their own property," was the quick and conclusive response of the Bishop. And immediately there appeared an extra of "The Freeman's Journal" saying: "If, as it has already appeared in Philadelphia, it would be a part of Native Americanism to attack their (the Catholics') houses or churches, then it behooves them, in case all other protection fail, to defend both with their lives. In this they will be acting not against the law, but for the law." The Know-nothings were frightened both by the boldness of the Bishop and the deter-

mination of his people. They were seen hurrying about to cancel their meeting time, and no riots blemish the history of New York.

But Archbishop Hughes not only destroyed exterior enemies; he likewise exterminated internal trouble and disorder resulting from trusteeism. He reduced to obedience the stubborn title holders of his churches. These men had church property in their name and were a constant source of vexation to the Archbishop on account of their woeful mismanagement of affairs. By dint of praiseworthy firmness the Bishop brought order into the chaos, and in time church property was put in his name,—a thing which had heretofore seemed quite impossible of being accomplished.

From the beginning of his episcopate John Hughes was solicitous to improve the educational facilities of Catholics. He fought and condemned the infidel school system, sometimes standing alone in public debate against seven or eight learned adversaries. He finally resolved upon and established the parochial system as the only immediate remedy. It was therefore Archbishop Hughes that launched the school question, and truly may it be said, his arguments have never been answered. His victory in this regard seems only to be suspended, for his words still live and are rapidly approaching their issue. The zealous apostle, moreover, procured Jesuits, Christian Brothers, and various Sisterhoods to labor for the cause of education and charity in his city. Fordham College, which now stands so high in the ranks of our colleges, is the proudest monument of his edu-

cational zeal, as is the cathedral to his religious ardor.

Archbishop Hughes was too illustrious an American to be misunderstood very long, and his enemies soon gave way to admiration of him. He was honored by President Polk with an invitation to proceed to Mexico on a mission of peace. This he politely refused. But when Washington in distress once more bowed to the wonderful man, entreating him to cross the Atlantic and beseech Europe not to recognize Confederate independence, the Archbishop went over, not indeed as a politician but as a patriot. He returned good for evil, and all America knows how well he succeeded in his mission. He knew America better than to judge of her by the Know-nothing element. Returning from his mission he was not disappointed for having always believed America to be a land of recompense and appreciation. When he landed once more in New York, America went out to meet him. There was then no darksome frowning, no threats of assassination, no gnashing of teeth: he was another Lincoln then, for to stay formidable England and France meant nothing less than to preserve the Union.

The Archbishop was exceedingly polite in manners; his gentleness was a surpassing feature. As we have seen, he was intrepid when it behooved him to be so, and his irresistible wit would become sarcasm and thinly veiled irony, according as friend or antagonist deserved. His smile was perpetual. He defended his reputation and good name bravely. 'I know you can write well, and

can multiply words and misrepresent truth: this is not the thing that will serve you know. Come forth with your *facts*," he said, challenging the renowned editor, J. Gordon Bennett and his associates to answer his propositions regarding himself and his actions.

"He would never have yielded to the despotism of a king, or to the violence of a mob," says Rev. H. A. Brann.

His courage was so undaunted that he is said to have stood before the door of the old St. Patrick's Cathedral with clenched fist, thus saving his God from the fury of a blinded mob.

It is with feelings of wonder that we look up to America's greatest bishop. His twenty-five years of labor in the episcopate are without a parallel. In the beginning he was a despised immigrant, the very accent of his tongue multiplying his enemies; but he loved America none the less and won his way to the heart of the people. His career is inspiring from the time he spaded and weeded in the garden of St. Mary's for an education to the day in which he laid the corner-stone of America's most magnificent Cathedral. Let us not forget that John Hughes accomplished all these things by sheer strength of character and individual effort. Truly, man or boy, be his aim and vocation what it may, can find his ideal in the first Archbishop of New York.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.

The Poet: His Endowments and Education.*

A.

IN giving a recipe for a poet, we needs must know what poetry is, and of what it consists. Every author, poet, or critic, who has engraved his works on the ages that have gone, and every literary aspirant of the day has given us definitions of poetry. All these definitions are verbally at variance, but in essence they are one. Poe says: "Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty," he being admitted a poet who is the creator of this beauty.

There is an old Latin expression, "Poeta nascitur, non fit; but this has been amended years ago to read Poeta nascitur, et fit." A poet is born; born of this world, yet is above this mundane sphere. It sometimes seems that when God creates a poet, He places some of the angelic perception of beauty in that soul, or mayhap the guardian spirit himself plays on his lyre and allows that soul to hear.

The gifts of a poet are fancy and imagination, perception of beauties hidden and revealed. He must love nature, and everything in nature. That faculty must be his, of seeing life and the world

* The following two essays are thought deserving of publication. They were written extempore in the classroom. Time, forty-five minutes. They are here given as written.

in all its crudities, melt in his mint and bring it forth glorified, sanctified, and transfigured. To further describe the poetical feeling is nigh impossible, for as the Apostle says of Heaven, it is impossible for mortal man to describe it.

To be a true poet, one must possess all these gifts. However, many a lovely flower has bloomed and perished, conscious of its own beauty, but on account of adverse environments not able to show its splendor. It is thus with the poet. There have been many men who have had all the poetical instincts and feelings, but they have withered because they have not been educated. A poet must be educated in his art. Art presupposes taste, for what is art, but a selection of what is best and beautiful upon earth. A poet must have his taste cultivated, and to say that taste cannot be educated is absurd. Then, too, a poet must be instructed in the technicalities of his art, which is nothing itself, if the poet is not born in one.

MAURICE O'CONNOR, '06.

B.

Poetry is a simultaneous, noble and harmonious effort of the soul, carrying her upward to bask, feel and struggle with beauties in God's light, forcing her downward into exalted, befitting and versatile language.

A genius is a sort of Adam whose body does not obstruct the activity of the soul. A poet is like Eve whose unhindered activity consists in touching beautiful fruits, smelling flowers, watch-

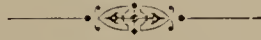
ing (not naming) animals, and, in short, whose activity or genius is playful. He must be a roamer in body and mind: always seeing little things, always expressing great things by means of details. He must interpret this world, its phenomena, truth and science by means of terms belonging to something else. He must be as untruthful as can be, in order to express truth in the highest manner. He must call the stars gold and gold itself consolidated twinkles. He must be able to travel as far as he thinks. As soon as he beholds a planet's ray or a moon's beam he must run up on it, plunge himself into the golden pool of a comet's tail, crawl to the nape of its neck, blink ahead at the sun, and thence come back, to crawl through an unused old wedding ring in a bureau drawer. He must hold communion in his dreams with horses, butterflies, and crickets. He must have his "snapshot" ready forevermore, filling note book after note-book with the pictures of his versatile fancy. He must be a two-headed Janus with uncouth science and chill truth in one, and imaginary paint, language in bulk, comparisons, similes and figures in the other. He must be so musical as to understand the meaning of every hum and strum and bellow in nature and animals.

A poet must have acquired that name. He must have perfected himself even in earliest boyhood, with thumbs in his ears and head stooped (like a six-day bicycle rider) over stories, tales, romance: Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton ect. He must have a discursive knowledge, study the melody of vowel and consonant, the happiness of

meter, and the jingle of rhyme. He should not let genius run random, but first believe he has none at all, and take regular systematic training. Then when the winter is over and he is let out, he should

“Ramble to the green earth’s end,
Where bowed welkin low doth bend.”

RAYMOND RATH, '06.



Fragrant Breezes.

WHENCE that fragrance sweet’ning the breeze
At May time on freshly green meadows?
That thrills with the thrushes’ first glees
And plays with the maples’ first shadows.
As softly it soothes, of winter’s past gloom
Each lingering breath is a mellowed perfume.

List! the robin tells us with carolings gay
That it floats from heavenly bowers;
From the groves of the Queen of celestial May,
Whom angels now grace with blossoms in showers.
With Heaven’s softest and sweet-flavored strains
The fragrance rests light on earth’s budding plains.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



A Ruined Life.

THAT freedom in the pursuit of happiness is the right of every man, is a principle which our fathers have justly set down as self-evident. This freedom is exercised primarily in the choice of one's life-work or vocation, for success and happiness depend upon it in a large measure. It is much to be deplored, then, if those in a position of authority and influence coerce young people to a calling for which they are neither inclined nor fitted by nature. Only when these victims of misguided zeal, smarting under disappointment and failure, give up the struggle and enter upon evil ways, will these blind leaders realize their fatal mistake.

Of the few examples that have come under my observation, there is one in particular of which I cannot think without emotion. My first recollections of this unfortunate man's career date back to the days of my earliest youth, when he was a resident of my native town, on the other side of the Atlantic. He might then have stood at the age of forty-five. Imagine the form of a man, measuring fully six feet six inches, slightly bent; clad in blue French blouse that reached half way down to his knees, almost entirely hiding from view the grayish trousers, the lower extremities of which were tucked into the leggings of a pair of boots. His face long and emaciated; a beard of black, now mixed with gray, descending to his breast; eyes in which is still discernible a spark of the youth-

ful fire that glowed in them, but which usually wear a melancholy, downcast, searching look. This is the man whom every child points out to you as the worst drunkard in town. A stranger will have little difficulty to learn the history of that unhappy man; any one of the village people will tell it to him, somewhat in the following manner:

“Yes, Nick is a very unfortunate man; his life has been a failure. All the ambitions of his youth were set upon a military career, for which he seemed peculiarly fitted. He had a stately appearance and the spirit and temper that distinguishes the born military man. There was not a gayer and sprightlier young man in the town. In the various entertainments of the young men’s society Nick shone as a star of the first magnitude. In the choir he surpassed every singer by his wonderful bass voice, which, as Nick even now declares, was pitched two notes lower than the ordinary bass voice, and which others compared to the rumbling of a subterranean stream. If ever a young man was highly endowed with the gifts of nature it was he; and there is no doubt that had his lofty ideals not been shattered by his father, he would have made his mark, and certainly be a different man than he is today. Nick was compelled to learn the shoemaker trade, for his father would have it so. His son should continue a trade, which had been hereditary in the family; and that restless spirit must be smothered in him. Nick yielded to the demands of his father until he reached his sixteenth year. From this time for-

ward he was unable to check any longer the ardent desire for something higher. His father's shoe-shop was too narrow for him. Heedless of the latter's protest and threats, Nick with six others of his class enlisted for a six year term of service in the Belgian army. Here at last Nick was in his element, and being encouraged by minor promotions, his mind settled firmly upon a lifelong military career. But again his father interfered, and Nick, after having served his term, was obliged to return to his shoemaker's bench, in order 'to make an honest living by an honest trade,' so the father said.

As time went on, Nick settled down and married a woman of good qualities, who was able to assist him in providing a livelihood; she being a dress-maker of skill. For a number of years Nick seemed quite happy and progressive, but little adversities and family troubles fanned into flame the fire that smouldered in his breast. One occurrence, especially, contributed much to the depression of Nick's ardor for business. From one of the young men returning from the army he heard that two of his comrades had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant with a yearly salary far exceeding a shoemaker's modest earnings. That set him brooding, and in the end he threw away hammer and awl, neglected his family and sought to drown his troubles in the bottle. With an ever increasing passion for drink he was hastening on the downward path and finally became a total wreck. Not being able to stifle that sting of a disappointed and blasted aim in his bosom, he steeped his feverish

mind for days and nights into heroic romances and tales of nightly adventure, so as to roam at least in thought. For drink he would sacrifice everything. For days he would ply his trade repairing shoes to pay a liquor bill; at other times he would play the clown, and, in fact, stoop to any kind of work which promised a little money. The care of his family devolved altogether upon his unfortunate but faithful wife. Even to her kind entreaties Nick remained deaf or replied with abuse."

This is the sad story of the man upon whom I used to look with childish wonder. I have related it as I heard it from the lips of older people, when I was a boy of eleven or twelve years.

There is one period in this man's life which is of special interest, in as far as it discloses a trait of his character and the bent of his early inclinations, the six years he spent in the army. Of these I have an account from Nick's own lips and from those of his comrades in the ranks. Nick loved to talk about his army life, and whenever he did so, he would sit with one foot resting upon the other knee, stroke his magnificent beard with one hand, with the other moving his cap nervously from one side of his head to the other. With an empty smile and watery eyes, his body continually shifting into various positions, now and then shaking his head in a significant manner, he would say to you in a faltering voice:

"Ah, that was the time when Nick was a happy boy. Six years a soldier. Ha! Ha! Three years good behavior, hard service: three years on the bench, ha, ha; bread and water; picking grass

between the pavestones; drilling with knapsack on back during hot noon hours!" And again he would laugh uproariously. He was all fire over his subject, happy in the recollection of his soldier days.

Nick would relate how he used to play tricks on the men. As a trumpeter he could hardly await the coming of the morning to give the call for rising. He would sound the fire signal at an unusual hour just to see the men jump up and watch their excitement. "Of course", he added with a chuckle, "it always meant fourteen days in the coop; but Nick was a happy boy then."

Another time he would tell us how once, during a fire-drill, he turned the nozzle upon the commanding lieutenant below, in order to get even with him for ordering him out to do guard duty when it was not his turn, "just to keep me from going to the ball." "Six weeks would have been the least in that case," said Nick, shaking his head, "had not the old general, whose favorite I was, watched me doing it and actually patted me on the shoulder the next day, adding, 'The fellow deserved the dose.'"

"But the old general talked to me differently when I deserted my post one night while on guard duty before the palace. I walked about six miles out of the city that same night to be present at a dance given in my home town. I assure you all complaints of sick stomach the next morning availed me nothing. Three months confinement at hard labor was my medicine, but the old bear pardoned me after the first month."

A dozen and similar tricks I heard from Nick and others; of one especially he used to tell with great delight, in which, as Nick states it, "he beat the old general at his own game." The story ran thus:

"The general, brave old soul that he was, envied me for the fine boots I used to wear."

Here I must remark, that Nick, although at this time seized with an apathy for his trade, was nevertheless a master shoemaker: he had always made his own boots while in the army, and did so even now.

"One day," Nick continued, "I was summoned before the general, who in his usual gruff tone accosted me thus:

"Nick, I heard you make your own boots!"

"At your command, general," I answered, saluting.

"Fourteen days furlough, Nick," grunted the old man. "Go home at once and make a pair of riding boots for me, the likes of which no one has in the army. Do you hear, Nick? there must be none like them in the army."

"At your service, general."

Nick obeyed the command to the letter. He made a fine pair of boots with adjustable heels. Instead, however, of putting the latter into their proper place, he purposely omitted to put in the screw, and glued the heels just under the toe end of the boots. In this manner he presented them to the general, saying:

"Here is the pair of boots as no one has them in the army."

The old war-horse stormed and raved, but the next day declared him a good fellow and paid him handsomely.

To say that Nick was never sober would be doing him an injustice. It was just in such moments that he sorely bewailed the ruin of his once bright hopes, and, as I heard him frequently, accuse his father as the cause of his present wretchedness. One day he sat before our house buried in thought. I was singing merrily, paying no heed to Nick, when suddenly he frightened me with these words: "A curse on the child that obeys his parents!" Looking up I saw two gendarmes, clad in snug military uniforms, big in brass and buttons, passing by. Nick, it seems, had followed them for a long time with tearful eyes before he broke into these terrible words. When he perceived that he had frightened me, he turned to me, put his arm around me and said in a sad tone, "Sing for me, boy," and then pressed me to his breast. I saw a tear trickling down his cheek, as his deep bass voice accompanied my treble.

Poor Nick, once or twice after that I heard that magnificent voice. It was during the procession on Corpus Christi, an occasion which yearly called forth Nick's energy to sing his favorite bass solo in one of the hymns.

One more of these recollections which well up in my heart as I think of this unhappy man I may be permitted to add. Nick's oldest son, whom I remember as the very image of his father, did not learn the shoemaker trade; for Nick having de-

tected a glimmer of military genius in him, permitted and even encouraged him to join a military expedition into India. He soon attained to the rank of lieutenant, and lives there to this day. Once he revisited his native town, but he saw his father no more. The latter having been taken up into a hospital, where a sister of his presided as superioress, had passed into eternity six months before the son's arrival.

Let us hope that peace descended upon him in the evening of his life.

MAURICE EHLENGER, '06.



Miller, Wharton, and Co.'s Coffee.

MILLER Wharton, and Co.'s, the wholesale grocers and coffee roasters, were holding a meeting of the members of the firm. The question to be considered was: "Shall we continue to buy our coffee of the plantation owners, or shall we acquire our own lands." After the matter had been explained and discussed, it was decided to attempt the purchase of all the coffee plantations in a certain locality.

Agents were very soon in the coffee growing countries. They sent in all the necessary particulars, and in a short time every plantation owner in a small island of Juanique was jingling Miller, Wharton and Co.'s money in his pocket.

To raise the money the firm had been obliged

to issue stock to the amount of \$100,000, at ten dollars a share.

It is easy enough to buy coffee, but it is a trifle more difficult to sell it. For that reason Miller, Wharton and Co.'s coffee store-house began to take on the appearance of an American port during the Revolution, when thousands of pounds of tea lay untouched by the Patriots.

Then it was that a second conference was held. Mr. Miller told his plans as follows: "Gentlemen, we have on our hands what we may prove to be a white elephant. Our coffee might be sold in the ordinary way, but it is coming in so fast that we cannot handle it. Thinking that we are compelled to do some advertising, I contracted with the various newspapers and magazines for space. I also have before me a bid from the National Sign Painting Company for one thousand tri-colored signs, which I think we shall accept. It will cost a considerable sum, but we have gone so far that should we draw out we will be ruined."

The day after this speech all the stations of the Manhattan Traction Company were being decorated with large red, white, and green signs, and within a short space of time they could be seen, no matter which way you looked. On house-tops, fences, walls and in every available place these glaring signs attracted the attention of the passers-by. On one side was a huge coffee sack on which was painted "Miller, Wharton and Co. Private Estate Coffee." In the main part of the poster there was written, "The Best Coffee is the Cheapest—Ask Your Grocer."

But either the grocer refused to tell, or did not know, for the coffee did not take the public fancy, and as a result, at the end of three months Miller, Wharton and Co.'s stock was seventy-five below par, with no hope for a revival.

One morning the habitual passengers on the Manhattan Traction Company's Elevated began to read the different adds along the line in their usual aimless way, when they were startled by reading this: "Miller, Wharton and Co. Private Estate Coffee. The Best Coffee is the Cheapest, but *This Coffee Is Dear at Any Price*—Ask your Grocer."

By nine o'clock every one was talking about it and advancing theories as to the how and why of the affair.

The police knew nothing, neither did the station agents, except that it was done at night. Then a large notice appeared in the local papers: "A Reward Will Be Paid For The Arrest And Conviction of the Person or Persons Who Maliciously Defaced The Signs of Miller, Wharton and Co., The Wholesale Grocers and Coffee Roasters. \$1000 will be paid for the arrest, and a like sum will also be paid for information that will lead to the arrest." In another part of the paper an interview with Mr. Wharton was published.

"I cannot imagine," he said, "what anyone could have against this firm. We have always tried to treat our customers fairly, and especially so in this coffee affair. Without wishing to advertise our goods, I can say without exaggeration that better coffee I have never tasted. It is not

generally known that we purchased the whole island of Juanique with its coffee plantations, for the sole purpose of knowing all about what we are selling the public; and then for anyone to say that it is dear at any price is almost unbearable."

Interviews similar to this one were found in all the newspapers, and there was even an article in one of the magazines on the "Degeneration of Man", in which this incident was used.

Strangely enough, the stock of the Miller, Wharton and Co. jumped from twenty-five to forty-five, and as the percentage on the Exchange went up, the coffee in Miller, Wharton and Co.'s warehouse decreased. Another jump from seventy-two to eighty-five, and still another and another, till it reached par, was followed by a corresponding shrinkage in the coffee supply.

Then Miller put on the old smile, and Wharton went back to ten cent cigars, and everyone else looked as though he had received good news.

When their stock was at a premium, Mr. Miller called a meeting of the firm and stockholders. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am pleased to call your attention to the fact that the coffee stock of the Miller, Wharton and Co. is at one hundred and eight, the result, I do not doubt, of the dastardly trick some one was kind enough to play on us. I think we should redouble our efforts to find the culprit who engineered the plot, and having found him give him a suitable reward, not punish him."

At this a young man, Mr. Wharton's son, arose, and startled the assembly with the words:

“Mr. Miller and friends: I was not present at the first meeting of stockholders, when it was proposed to advertise, as I was not a member of the firm. On entering my twenty-first year you kindly gave me an interest in the business, not because I deserved it, but because my father is the junior member. People refused to buy our coffee, and I decided to make them buy it. Several years ago, a manufacturer of soap advertised in all the newspapers, in a way as to rouse curiosity. There were numerous checker-board arrangements and in these blocks was the legend “Hot or Cold.” For three months these notices appeared. Curiosity having reached fever heat, it was announced that “Hot or Cold” was the name of a soap that could be used equally well in hot or cold water. Remembering this I visited Mr. Windthrope, the Director of Public Safety, and as he is our friend, we concocted the scheme of changing the signs. How well it worked you all know.”

Mr. Wharton, jr. received the congratulations of all present.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.



Old Winter trods his gloomy way,
And seeks his dreary home;
And buoyant Spring comes in today,
The woodlands fair to roam.

D. L. M., '06.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR BY
The Students of St. Joseph's College.

Subscription, one dollar per annum. 20 cents per copy.

All letters and communications should be addressed :

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06, EDITOR.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06, EXCHANGES.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

FELICIAN WACHENDORFER, '05.

ALBINUS SCHEIDLER, '05.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.

MAURICE O'CONNOR, '06.

OTHMAR KNAPKE, '06.

MICHAEL SHEA, '06.

MAURICE EHLENGER, '06.

BERNARD WELLMAN, '06.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

AUGUST WITTMANN, '07.

Editorials.

When "April's showers bring forth May flowers" we are inclined to become poetical and launch off into oceans of rambling verse. But May is apt to bring with it more than beautiful blossoms. Beware of the Spring Fever.



MAIN BUILDING OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

We have noticed in a Catholic paper of some weeks ago the account of a curious but most impressive scene which took place in South America. Two countries pledged themselves to perpetual peace beneath a huge cross, erected on a mountain-ridge that divides the two states. This is a feature unparalleled in history, and which other nations would do well to imitate. Perhaps then the necessity of war would vanish, and peace would reign supreme.



The baseball season is once more at hand, and we deem it no more than just to call upon the student body for support, both financially and vocally. It would give us great pleasure if a total absence of so called "knockers" would be found in the ranks. Let every one be up and doing, making this season a glorious success for St. Joseph's.



Among the recent agreeable features in the world of books has been the growth of nature literature. Gradually the public has been taught to appreciate and demand books on outdoor life, so that we have now very many books on all phases of life in the open, and on every thing in nature. Most of them are very well written, evincing much knowledge and sympathy with the subject.

Whether this general interest in nature is a result of the writings of such men as John Burroughs and Seton Thompson, or has been brought about by the introduction of the study of Botany and kindred subjects into the common schools, or

is merely a reaction from the cramped city life, it is a matter for gratification. Nature yields much joy and balm to those who regard her with an intelligent and a loving eye, and is also a very gentle and efficient teacher. To judge from this increased interest in nature, we are certainly getting better, more educated and refined, and also more poetical.



One of the greatest and in every way the most remarkable books in the world is "Don Quixote," by Cervantes. Probably no work was ever written the appearance of which is internationally commemorated. But this is now being done for "Don Quixote." A great celebration will take place this month in Madrid, attended by literary men from all parts of the world, to signalize the ter-centenary of its production.

"Don Quixote" is so strikingly original, both in its general conception and in the character of the hero, that its fame could be accounted for on this score. Not only was it the first work of its kind, blazoning as it were a new path in literature, as so many other famous books have done, such as Robinson Crusoe, but it stands even today absolutely unique. Nothing similar has since appeared. In addition to this originality it has merits which have made it popular with the whole world. The false idealism, and the affected romances of knight-errantry, which it was intended to burlesque, have disappeared, even in Spain, but its hero, guileless, high-souled and pure-hearted, will ever appeal to us, together with his

wonderful squire, just because he is disinterested and generous, if foolish. It has therefore a deep human interest and significance, though, of course, to enjoy the book it is not necessary to look for the lesson contained in it. One need only surrender himself to the humor and the fancy of it to do that. But it is very true what Charles Lamb has said that "readers who see nothing more than a burlesque in "Don Quixote" have but a shallow appreciation of the work."

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.



The Catholic Encyclopedia.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers once more to the Catholic Encyclopedia which is in course of publication, and the first volume of which is soon to be issued. The name of the editors and managers are, we think, sufficient guarantee that the work will be scholarly, exhaustive, and correct in matter and form.

There is no doubt that the encyclopedia will commend itself to Catholics and not the less to non-Catholics. Such a standard reference work on things pertaining to the Church and the Catholic religion has long been wanted.

A complete and reliable work of this kind will of course find a place in our public libraries, and there it will do much good. It will be consulted

by all, and especially by the writers for the press. Every great editor and every penny-a-linner will get his information on Catholic matters from its pages, and as a result, there will be less of misinformation regarding the Catholic Church.

The managing editor consists of Prof. C. G. Hebermann Ph. D., LL. D. as editor-in chief, Father Wynne, S. J., and Thomas Shanhan, D.D. and Edward Pace, Ph. D. of the Catholic University. The Robert Appleton Company of New York are the publishers, with office No. 1, Union Square, New York City.



Indian Schools.

REGARDING the great Indian School controversy which has been agitating the country for nearly a year, and was even made the subject of a Congressional Inquiry, we have received several documents, some from the Catholic Indian Bureau, and one from the Department of the interior. In all of them much light is shed upon this vexed subject, but especially lucid is an editorial in the "The Indian Sentinel" in which the whole controversy is reviewed and explained.

Some years ago, as it is well known, the government reversed its policy of contributing to the support of Indian schools in care of religious bodies. Although a gradual withdrawal of support was resolved upon, many schools were closed

at once (among them St. Joseph's School, located near the College and conducted by the Fathers of the Precious Blood.) Moreover, in following out the policy of withdrawing public aid, measures were taken by the Department under Commissioner Browning which practically denied parents the right to choose their own schools. The next step was to withhold rations from children attending the denominational schools, in some cases even gifts of medicine which they would have received at home. This, as the writer in the Sentinel says, certainly amounted to an injustice, being in effect a threat or punishment in prejudice of religious and personal liberty.

President McKinley was dissatisfied with the narrow interpretation of the law, and declared for a more liberal policy. Herein he was followed by President Roosevelt. The latter, convinced that the denominational schools are best adapted for the education of the Indian, a fact admitted on all sides, granted a request of several Indian tribes, that their money be used for the support of Catholic Schools existing among them. In doing so the President thought to act in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, the money thus given to denominational schools being truly Indian money held in trust for them by the government. In this opinion the President was confirmed by his legal adviser, the Attorney General.

Now the trouble began! Bishop Hare (Episcopal) protested against the use of tribal money, and he was assisted by Senator Bard of California and others. The Bishop had himself been en-

gaged in educational work among the Indians, but had given it up when the government ceased to supply rations to children at religious schools, not, however, without protesting vigorously against such withdrawal. Having closed his own schools, he did not want to let others enjoy the fruits of a more liberal policy.

In the storm which followed President Roosevelt stood firm and Congress likewise. Some of the letters which the President received from ministers and others were not very pleasant nor edifying reading. They came from persons whose knowledge of the Catholic Church is very limited, and whose charity is even more so. The private opinions of the President concerning these gentlemen, we fear, are not very complimentary.

The whole controversy is a very instructive one. It shows that unless the letter of the constitution in regard to religious matters is interpreted in a liberal and enlightened spirit, it can be used in prejudice of religious freedom, as it was done in the Browning policy. It also shows that "zeal" for the constitution is sometimes made to cover "a multitude of anti-Catholic jealousies, hatred and animosities", and a good many other things.

PROF.



Exchanges.

Aside from the fact that the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is a weekly, this journal possesses merits which are distinctly its own. Typographically it is neat, clean, and a pleasure to read, while its great variety of essays, stories, and verse, calls forth the admiration of even the most fastidious reader.

There is a poem in the *Academia* on "Night" which in language and thought excells all poems for February. The heartlessness of the stars is a very fine idea. "Cheoko" with its real Indian atmosphere made pleasant reading in spite of the familiar plot. The portrayal of Fear in Macbeth shows that the writer thoroughly understands the difference in the emotions of Macbeth and his lady. The subject has been treated in a very able manner.

"Father Faber's Bethlehem" in the *Pittsburg College Bulletin* gives us a sketch of the author and compares him to other writers in an entertaining manner. The quotations were well chosen and ought to awaken a desire to become better acquainted with Father Faber.

"Ma Schume We Maria," if true, is wonderful, and if fictitious, it is the best story of the year.

Compulsory Arbitration in the *Laurel* is only one of the many articles college journalists have written of late on this subject. This particular contribution deserve mention from the calm and thoughtful way the writer treats this theme.

We are glad to see that the writer of "Richelieu" is an optimist. Most of the Cardinal's French historians, even those of the proud-of-race type, take opposite views of the great statesman.

Since Martin J. Griffin published his "Life of Barry" there has been a revival in favor of the hero. "The Father of the American Navy" is an intelligent exposition of the Commodore's importance during the Revolution.

The class work in the *Young Eagle* is of the highest grade. Especially sound in thought was that on School Commencements. The *Young Eagle* is one of the few papers in which contributions of inferior quality are very rare.

The *St. John's University Record*, is very strong editorially, and we are glad to say that its articles, though a little cumbersome, are not devoid of literary flavor. "Gustavus Wasa, The Liberator of Sweden," gives us an idea of this little known man. His times were perhaps the most interesting in all history, and this fact adds a special attraction to the essay.

The Bee for March was very appropriately an Irish number. Every essay is worthy of mention, but particularly the "Irish Churchman" and "The Minstrel of Mallow". The local column has always been a source of amusement to the inmates of our sanctum. It is for the most part original, and, better still, intelligible.

The Boston Pilot still continues to be the medium for sane thought and vigorous principles.

For a Catholic paper which seems to unite the Catholics of this section into closer bonds of brother-

hood we commend *The Catholic Columbian Record*.

Full of interesting notes on the Catholic affairs of this and other countries is the *Church Progress*. It never fails to have instructive information on questions of the day.

We welcome the arrival of to two new journals, the *Collegian* from Oakland, Cal. and the *St. Thomas Collegian*," from St. Paul. Both evidence no mean literary power and culture.

Another stray visitor has been the *Excalibur*, from Seattle, Wash., which we hope, will call again.

E. PRYOR, '06

New Publications.

Rights of Our Little Ones. By Rev. James Conway, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price 15c. The little book is something of a novelty—a treatise on education in questions and answers. The nature, scope, and purpose of education, the rights of parents, and the duties and rights of the Church and state regarding the same are explained with such admirable clearness and directness as to commend itself to the understanding of parents and even children. The author vindicates for the Church a directing and safeguarding influence, and explains the function of the state in education. It is not an exhaustive treatise, by any means, but being so clear in statement, it is more valuable to most people than an entire volume.

Socialism, its economic aspect; by William Poland S. J., published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price 5c., \$4.00 per 100. Under the three heads, (1.) The Socialistic Platform, (2.) The Theory Explained, (3.) The Theory Applied, this great question is sufficiently explained in a popular but logical style and manner. The author goes directly to work building that ideal socialistic

edifice until the structure falls to ruin of its own weakness, like the child's blocks. Socialism is searched, laid open, and clearly reasoned to naught. The spread of this booklet among the people will do untold good, and as a part of our duty toward its furtherance we earnestly recommend it to our readers.

R. R. '06.

The Red Inn of Saint Lyphar,, by Anna T. Sadlier. In this story the writer strives to set forth the superiority of loyalty and firmness of character over the treacherous and deceitful measures of the world. The scene is laid in France at the close of the eighteenth century, when revolution bore down heavily upon that country. Counts Gaston and Richard Duplessis are examples of loyalty to their God and King, while Citizens Premian is a very dispicable character who embodies all the qualities of a degraded revolutionist, shrinking from no measures to satisfy the cravings of lust and avarice. By the seeming superhuman feats of Jambe D'Argent parts of the story border on romance. The story is written very attractively, the characters are alive, and the dramatic interest exceptionally strong.

Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

R. S. '05

Juvenile Round Table, Second Series, Price \$1.00 This volume of short stories written by the foremost of Catholic writers possesses such a gentle and healthy atmosphere that it deserves to occupy a conspicuous place in the library of every home.

Jean, a boy full of manly enthusiasm, is elegantly sketched in Mary G. Bonesteel's "St. Anne's Clients." It will delight both boys and girls to learn why in Maurice F. Egan's "Helen's Five O'clock Tea" Miss Eldrige told Helen "The gold in a boy's heart must be sought." Theo. Gift's "Boys Together" and Anna T. Sadlier's "Joe's Victory" are read with exceptional pleasure. Interesting are Ella Loraine Dorsey's "The Old Gun" and Marion J. Brunowe's "How Dot Found Out."

But these are only a few of the well known authors whom a story, full of incident and color, and told with charm and grace, represents in the Round Table.

Societies.

C. L. S. The quarterly elections of the Columbian Literary Society were held at their regular meeting Sunday, April the 16th. All the members holding offices were elected for a second term, except one member of the Executive Committee, whose term had been expired. Mr. Ed. Freiburger was elected to fill his place.

Since our last issue the Society has rendered several programs, giving nearly all the members occasions to exhibit their powers upon the platform. The programs on an average were meritorious, with some sinking in individual numbers.

On March the 5th, the society presented a "Jeffersonian and Franklin program." It consisted of the following selections: Piano Solo, Prof. Jos Baunach; Home life of Jefferson, Nick Allgeier; Anecdotes of Jefferson, Leo A. Faurot; Jefferson's Democracy, John O'Donnell; Estimate of Jefferson's Public Career, Alexander Linneman; Recitation "Chicken on the Brain," Jos. Seimetz; Private Life of Franklin; J. A. Sullivan; Anecdotes of Franklin, Ed. Vurpillat; Franklin as a Statesman, L. Huelsman.

Succeeding the above program was a public one given on March 26th. The numbers presented were:

Inaugural Address "The Spirit or the Revolutionary Fathers.....	A. J. Scheidler.
Oration "Labor".....	C. Frericks.
Song "Side by Side".....	Orphean Club.
Debate: "RESOLVED, That we learn more from reading than from Observation."	Aff. Clem. Fisher; Neg. H. Grube.
Humerous Rec. "Catignac".....	Fr. Gribba.

Solo "Lead Kindly Light," Pugh Evans. A. Scheidler.

Dialogue "Christian Forgiveness"

"Claudius", R. Schwieterman; "Philo", B. Wellman.

Editor's Paper.....B. Schmitz.

The above program made a very favorable impression upon the audience.

Another private program was given April 9th.

Music; Oration, "Patrick Henry's Address before the Virginian Assembly," Aug. Wittman; Rec. "The Slave's Dream," B. Alt; Music; Declamation, The last of the Red Men," Jos. Bryan; Oration, "Liberty and Union," J. Lieser. Humorous Rec. "The Three Friends," C. Kloeters; Music; Essay "Spanish Influence in Mexico," I. Collins; Debate: "RESOLVED," that the Colonists of Mass. exerted a greater influence on the affairs of the United States than those of Virginia," Aff. I. Weis; Neg. D. Fitzgerald. Rec. "Independence Bell," L. Bergman; Humorous Rec. "The Yankee and Hans' Dog," E. Olberding.

The Society intends to give a few more private programs during the month of May. The work of the past year will be crowned by the rendition of "Richard III" on the eve of Commencement Day.

* * *

A. L. S. In their recent quarterly election the Aloysians elected the following new officers: Pres. V. Williams; Vice Pres. J. Boland; Treas. P. Miller; Sec. E. Neumeyer; Libr. D. Senefeld; Ass't Libr. J. Hermiller; Ex. Com. G. Quatman, P. Roederer, L. Sulzer; Editor, E. Mauntel; Marshal, H. Dues.

On March 17th., the society acquitted itself of the obligation of entertaining the inmates of St. Jos', for the Feast of St. Patrick in a very cre-

ditable manner. The members do not appear frequently in public, it is true, but whenever they do so, we can rest assured that they have something good in store. We were not disappointed on that evening, when the society presented the drama "More Sinned Against than Sinning." The play was well apted for the day, the scene being land in Ireland. There were some fine humorous parts running through the play which made it a very agreeable rendition. The audience was well satisfied and appaused freely. The members impersonating the various characters were the following:

"Alphonsus," Land-agent of the Squire....	V. Williams.
Mayor.....	H. Berghoff.
Squire Hilton.....	P. Miller.
Son of the Squire, "Marmaduke".....	P. Roederer.
"Dick Harvey".....	E. Newmeier.
Teddy O'Neil	W. Tompkins.
The French Captain.....	O. Muehlenbrink.
"Tom" Ass't of the Captain.....	C. Carroll
"Joe"	L. Sulzer.
"Andy".....	J. Bolland.
Sergeant-Waiter of Alfonsus.....	W. Donahue.

The play was handled with ease by all the participants. Some very clever dramatic power was brought out by Williams. "Teddy" was the favorite and faithful lad of the evening. Roederer's pathetic parts were creditable attempts. The pirate scene was excellent. The play was a success and a credit to the A. L. S.

The Society gave a private program on Sunday April 16th., with the following numbers:

Music Saxophone duet, R. Rath and J. Sedletzec; Rec. "The Convict Ship," Leo Bruner; Rec. "The Mad Teuton", H. Dues; Declamation "Nathan Hale the Spy," Fr. Gartland; Humorous Dialogue "An April Fool," B. Brugger and Th. Loechtefeld; Debate: RESOLVED, That the liar is a more despicable character than the hypocrite." Aff. W. Donahue, Neg. J. Hermiller; Dram. Rec. "Coriolanus," J. Gores; Second part of "Coriolanus," G. Ohleyer; Humorous Rec. "How 'Ruby' Played," G. Quatman; Music.

* * *

St. X. G. L. S. On St. Joseph's day the members of the St. Xavier's Literary Society furnished the entertainment for the evening. A biblical play entitled "Veritas" was presented, which the audience highly appreciated. The participants made good use of the many dramatic and pathetic parts of the play and delivered them with good effect. The arrangement of the stage and the splendid make up of the characters contributed much to make the whole a very impressive performance.

The cast:

Petrus.....	C. Frericks.
Caiphas.....	A. Scheidler.
Gamaliel (Gesetzlehrer).....	M. Ehleringer.
Alexander (Pharisaer).....	O. Knapke.
Aims (Schwiegervater des Caiphas).....	J. Becker.
Johannes (Pharisaer).....	R. Schwieterman.
Ein Pharisaer.....	M. Helmig.
Ein Blinder.....	R. Rath.
Ein Knabe, (Sohn des Blinden).....	B. Condon.
Ein Greis.....	F. May.
Ein Waechter....	F. Wachendorfer.
Tempelhauptmann.....	V. Meagher.
Handwerker.....	E. Olberding.
Mitglieder des hohen Rats, Soldaten, Volk.	

A private program was given before the Rev. Faculty and members on Sunday April 9th. It consisted of the following parts:

"Drei Reiter," W. Coffeen; Dramatischer Vortrag "Kaiser Otto I. I. Collins; Homoristisches, "Die Bluethe und blutige Zeit der Dichter," M. Helmig; Dramatischer Vortrag, Monolog aus Maria Stuart, E. Olberding; Music Piano Duet, Rev. Vitus Schuette and O. Knapke; Debatte; "Beschlossen dass das Stadtleben dem Landleben forzuziehen sei." Aff. Fred. Lippert; Neg. P. Wiese. Humoristisches Terzett: "Ein Achtel vom grossen Loos," "Haenfling," ein Dichter, M. Helmig; "Preller," Gastwirth, O. Knapke; "Aaron," Lotteriekollektor, H. Grube.

A very enjoyable private recital was given by Prof. Baunach.

1. Fantasia (G Minor)... ..Robert Schumann.
2. a. Melodio, b. Mazurka.....Baunach
3. Prelude and Fugue (C Major)..... Bach
4. Sonata (C Major).....Mozart.
- a. Allegro, b. Adagio c. Minuetto d. Vivace.



Richard III.

The last of this year's dramatic and elocutionary efforts will be the drama Richard III., which is to be given on the eve of Commencement.

This play has been selected as being adapted for our stage, and also because it is fairly within the compass of our abilities. The lines of Richard III., as is well known, contain much strength and beauty, and the characters offer ample opportunities for action and impersonation. Although not of the same difficulty as our last year's play, King

Saul, and scenically not so effective, the students expect to derive as much benefit from it. The Acting edition, which takes in part of Henry VI, is used. This leaves out some of the heart-rending scenes, and does not at all detract from the unity.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III.....	D. L. Monahan.
King Henry VI.....	M. Ehleringer.
Prince of Wales.....	B. Condon.
Duke of York.....	B. Brugger.
Duke of Buckingham.....	M. F. O'Connor.
Duke of Norfolk.....	B. Wellman.
Earl of Richmond.....	O. Kn pke.
Earl of Oxford.....	R. Schwieterman.
Lord Stanly.....	A. Scheidler.
Lord Mayor of London.....	E. Pryor.
Sir William Catesby.....	F. Wachendorfer.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.....	F. Gribba.
Sir James Blount.....	M. Shea.
Tressel.....	V. Meagher.
Lieutenant of the Tower....	E. Vurpillat.
Tirrel.....	M. Helmig.
Forest.....	J. O'Donnell.
Dighton.....	J. Sullivan.
Officer.....	J. Bryan.
Aldermen, Monks, Soldiers to Richard, Soldiers to Richmond, Archers, etc.	



Personals.

Mr. M. O'Connor was called home to attend the funeral of his uncle, Maurice O'Connell. We wish to express our sympathy in his loss.



A few days after Easter we received the sad news that Father Andrew Gietl, C. PP. S., the beloved Superior of St. Joseph's Brotherhouse had been stricken with paralysis, at Sheldon, Ind., where he was assisting the pastor, Rev. H. J. Hellhake. At first his right arm and side were entirely paralyzed, but word has been received that he is improving. We hope for a speedy and permanent restoration.



We had the pleasure of a visit from Judge G. Kersten of the Circuit Court of Chicago. The judge was so well pleased with the place that he promised to repeat his visit, and make it a longer stay.



Rev. William Sullivan '97, of Ft. Wayne, surprised his friends at the College with a short Easter call. Father Sullivan has been a little remiss in his visits, but he will excuse him on the plea of stress of work, and hope to see him more frequently in the future.



Mr. Ed. Wills, '03, gave us a very welcome call. Mr. Wills is studying law at Ann Arbor,

completing his second year. His visit, which he made during the short spring vacation, was very much appreciated by his friends and former classmates.



We were also pleased to entertain the following: Very Rev. Boniface Russ C. PP. S., Carthage, O. Rev. Godfried Schlachter C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Bernard Dickmann C. PP. S. Ft. Recovery, Ohio. Rev. William Hordeman, Rensselaer, Ind. Mr. J. McCarthy of St. Ignatius Collge, Chicago. Mrs. John Ohleyer, Indianapolis. Mrs. Charles and Miss Josephine Sedlezeck; Miss Anna Black, Terre Haute, Ind. Messrs Herman Berghoff, Philip Graf, J. Tompkins, Ft. Wayne.

ALBIN J. SCHEIDLER, '05.



Commencement.

We extend a cordial invitation to our readers and friends to attend our Commencement Exercises, June 13th.

King Richard III. will be presented by the students on the previous evening. (June 12th).



Athletics.

NEVER were prospects for a winning representative team brighter than this year. We are aware that every team makes this claim in the early part of the season, but their claims generally fall a little short, and the games on paper are found to be won more easily than those on the diamond, still there will be many misplaced confidences, or bad luck, if we have not a winning aggregation this year.

The schedule as prepared, though yet incomplete, is as follows:

April	23.	St. Xavier's	- - - -	at St. Joseph's
"	29.	Rensselaer High School		at St. Joseph's
May	10.	Lowell	- - - - -	at St. Joseph's
* "	17.	Reynold's	- - - - -	at St. Joseph's
"	20.	Open	- - - - -	
"	21.	St. Joseph's	- - - - -	at Reynolds
"	24.	St. Vincent's	- - - -	at St. Joseph's
"	28.	St. Joseph's	- - - - -	at St. Xavier's
"	30.	St. Joseph's	- - - - -	at Lowell
June	3.	St. Joseph's	- - - -	at St. Vincent's
"	11.	St. Xavier's	. - - - -	at St. Joseph's
* This game arranged, though date not definite.				

On Sunday April the 9, the teams from St. Xavier hall began their struggle for the interhall base ball supremacy. The day was ideal, both for fan and player. The St. Xavier's got away auspiciously in the first inning and piled up two runs, but after that, try as they may, they could not connect with Shea's benders. In the meantime the

Aquinos by opportune hitting coupled with the costly errors of the Xavierians had tripped the bases for ten runs, and won the initial game.

The summary:

St; Aquino	R.	I.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	St. Xavier	R.	I.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Shea p.	1	2	1	5	0			Wachendorfer ss	1	2	0	1	3		
Sullivan c.	2	1	13	2	1			Grube c	1	0	5	5	2		
Monahan 2b	2	1	1	2	0			Schaefer p	0	0	1	6	0		
Hilgerink 3b	0	1	2	0	0			Meagher cf	0	0	1	0	1		
Fitzgerald ss	1	0	0	0	0			Rath 1b	0	1	13	0	1		
Allgeier lf	0	1	2	0	1			Condon rf	0	0	1	0	0		
Fischer rf	1	1	1	0	0			Linneman 2b	0	0	0	0	1		
Seimetz cf	2	2	0	0	0			Rnapke 3b lf	0	0	5	0	0		
Nageleisen 1b	1	0	7	1	0			Koehnen lf	0	0	1	0	0		
	10	9	27	10	2				2	3	27	12	8		

Double play, Monahan to Nageleisen, 2 base hit, Shea, Monahan, Hilgerink, Rath. 3 base hit, Sullivan. Struck out by Shea 12, by Schaefer 6, base on balls of Shea 4, of Schaefer 0. Umpire; Brother Sylvester. Time 1,40.

On Easter Sunday the Xaverians turned the tables on the St. Aquinos and won by a score of 9-6. The game was characterized by ragged fielding and much wrangling.

The score: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
 St. Aquino 0 0 0 3 0 1 1 1 1 6 4 5
 St. Xavier 1 0 2 3 0 0 0 0 3 9 5 5

Batteries, Shea and Sullivan, Schaefer and Grube. Umpire, Bro. Sylvester. Time 1,50.

BOWLING.

The new bowling alleys are fast developing good bowlers. The highest individual scores are McDaniel 215, Schreck 210, Donahue 199, Wellman 194, Fox 192, Pryor 183, Riley 181.

Polo and basket ball have been shelved untill next year, and while we have played no outside game this year, still we have warmed up among ourselves and next year these sports will go at a livelier clip when the Athletic Association is organized.

MAURICE F. O'CONNOR, '06.



Inter Nos.

Fred Shaeper (after Latin class): Was Xantippe the wife of Shakespeare?

Mc Intyre: Of course, who said she wast't.

Horace says, a real poet lets his beard grow.

But Bumpsy lets his beard grow.

Therefore Bumpsy is a poet.

Pythias emuncto lucrata magistro talentum.

Pythias gained a talent for wiping her master's nose.

Paul says: "Everybody is looking in my desk for poetry."

Blackey's Soliloquy.

Blackey: Certainly my tobacco will serve me for a smoke. The enemy is in the pipe-stem and tempts me saying: Blackey, Raphael Blackey, Good Raphael, or Good Blackey, or Good Raphael Blackey, use your pipe, fill it up, take a smoke. My conscience says: Take heed, honest Raphael; take heed, honest Blackey: or, as before said, 'do not smoke, Good Raphael Blackey. Scorn smok-

ing in forbidden places.''' The pipe says: Good Blackey, being an honest man's son, smoke peacefully, your location is safe, no one comes. Well, my conscience says: Raphael, budge not. Budge, says the pipe. Smoke not, says my conscience. 'Draw' utters the match. Pipe! your counsel is well. Enemy, my pipe is at your command. I —
Enter Prefect.

Allgeier: Whats the matter, Joe, thinking of your youth?

Bryan: No! Why?

Allgeier: You have such a far-away look in your eyes.

Jamque jugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae ducebat diem.

Pryor's translation: And he already lifted the Satan of Ida from the highest yoke and made day.

Freiburger's Minstrels have been playing in Collegeville during April. They expect to continue their engagement until the thirteenth of June. Before coming to Collegeville they completed a very remarkable run of eight months in the Bazaar.

"A chough, a chough, I swear a chough,
 I guess I know that easily 'nuff,
 For Spring"—And some one said,
 "That am a sapsucker."

Carroll says he's Battering Nelson.

"The Lord must have it in for us fellows," said Otto when the rain came pitti patti down on a free day.

Bill—"What are you laughing about?

O'Connor—"I'm not laughing, I'm only grinning."

Surida terribiles miscent aconita novercae.

Matt: The infernal mother-in-law mixed thunder and lightning.

The Green Bag party demanded there should be \$15, 500, 000 in green bags."

A very confusing debate in the C. L. S. concerning the propriety of delivering "Little Yawcob Strauss" is parodied in the following:

THE THREE FRIENDS.

With such a title you may expect to hear something about dogs or other quadrupeds, but as Geometry does not treat of such angles, I will drop the Hyperbole and come direct to the tale, for "Res clamat Dominum."

In a small white house which was painted green, in the great city of *Corks*, that were raised in Ireland, lived a young man, whose hair was black like a little red wagon. His name was Mike. The great misfortune of this young man's life was that he was unhappy owing to the fact that he heard the Atlantic waves hum the beautiful song "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." This so impressed itself on Mike's mind that he desired to go there. But birds of a feather flock together, and hence Mike induced his friend Joe, who, by the way, was always gloomy and had blue eyes, to go along with him. Joe, though gloomy, thought it a good idea to go along. He

therefore differentiated a while, and besought Mike to take another one in the Bundesackte, for alle gute Dinge sind three time. Now as the old Roman triumvirate was dissolved they would organize an Irish one. And whom do you think they selected? Do you not know him? Just as well as you never heard of a wood-strike, so do I know that you cannot guess the third member of this Irish triumvirate. Well, I will deliver you from your suspenders and inform you that it was Leedle Yawcob Strauss. As all three friends came from the same country and the same place, so Yawcob was of course also an Irishman. This being the case I need not say much about him, for there are in this august assembly eminent men who have seen and heard Yawcob Strauss 16 times. But what of that? O dii immortales! There are some here present who saw him 1600 times.

Well since you do not believe this yourself, I will finish the story, and let you know that since Yawcob Strauss had the money he assisted Mike and Joe across the ocean, and there in the great land of liberty, they are prosperous, gloomy, and happy.



ADVERTISEMENTS



**Between Chicago, Indianapolis,
Cincinnati, Louisville and the South.**

TWO TRAINS DAILY

To the Famous
Health Resort

French Lick Springs

**In the Orange County Highlands.
The Best Mineral Waters on Earth.**

City Ticket Office: 232 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**ALTAR WINES, R. KREUZBERGER,
LOGANSPOUT, IND.**

REFERENCES:

Rt. Rev. HERMAN JOSEPH ALERDING, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Very Rev. A. SCHEIDELER, V. G., Indianapolis, Ind.
Rev. H. KOEHNE, St. Joseph's Church, Logansport, Ind.

KORTEN BROTHERS CO.

Successors to OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.

Established 1875.

**WHOLESALE COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES,
BAKING POWDERS AND EXTRACTS,
CHICAGO.**

WE WORK IN OUR CUSTOMERS' INTEREST ALWAYS.

ADVERTISEMENTS

GEORGE E. MURRAY

ALWAYS CARRIES A FULL
LINE OF LATEST STYLES OF

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS AND
FINE SHOES.

EVERYTHING NEW IN GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

GEORGE E. MURRAY, Rensselaer, Ind.

FEED
LUMP
CARBIDE
YIELDING

MORE
AND
BETTER
GAS

"RUN LIKE A CLOCK"

DAVIS

GAS GENERATORS

MAKE ATTRACTIVE HOMES
LIGHT STORES BRIGHTLY
INCREASE FACTORY OUTPUT
LIGHT TOWNS ECONOMICALLY
MAKES BEST LIGHT, SAVE MONEY
4th YEAR USED IN 33 STATES

Inform
Yourself
Send for
Free
Catalog

ACETYLENE CO., Elkhart, Ind.

DO
NOT CLOG
BURNERS

SAFEST
PLANTS
MADE

H. L. BROWN,
.Dentist.

CROWN AND BRIDGEWORK
A SPECIALTY.

Over Larsh's Drug Store,
Rensselaer, Ind.

WHILE ATTENDING THE COLLEGE
DON'T FAIL TO CALL AND SEE

JAY W. WILLIAMS,
The Furniture and Carpet Dealer,
AT RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Have You noticed the **Pictures** in the COLLEGIAN
in the past two years?
Parker Made Them

He makes pictures in all styles and finishes, also, deals in
frames and Mouldings. In fact, everything pertaining to
the picture business. College work a Specialty.

PAVILION STUDIO, H. F. PARKER, Prop.

YOU WILL PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER BY
WEARING

ROYAL TAILOR MADE CLOTHES

AND

PINGREE MADE SHOES

I. J. PORTER & CO., Agents.

CALL ON **JOHN HEALY**

..FOR..

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRING.

WORK NEATLY DONE.

ALSO A LINE OF PORPOISE SHOE LACES AND RUBBER
HEELS ON HAND.

Printed Silk Flags of Foreign Nations



The larger sizes unmounted make handsome coverings for sofa pillows.

(1) Mounted on wooden staff with small wood spear tops: (2) unmounted; or (3) edged with yellow silk fringe and (4) mounted on wooden staffs with spear tops

A handsome decoration suitable for any purpose. Banquets, German Favors; Euchre Prizes, Military Euchres, Decorations for Wall Mantle or Desk.

Length Width	Unmounted	Mounted on Staffs with Spear Tops	Printed with Yellow Silk Fringe and Mounted		
				Each	Doz.
4 x 6	\$.10	\$.95	\$.11	\$1.10	\$.25
12 x 18	.47	4.70	.53	5.20	.76
					7.60

Quantities of less than half dozen
will be charged at piece price.

THE PETTIBONE BROS. MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AT OUR STORE YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND A FULL **Line of Drugs**

✿ Prescriptions Promptly and Carefully Filled. ✿

A COMPLETE LINE OF PATENT
MEDICINES ALWAYS ON HAND.

LARSH, THE DRUGGIST.

RENSSELAER, IND.

WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN THE

MEAT LINE,

==== CALL ON US ====
AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO RECEIVE THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

J. J. EIGELSBACH, ✿ Rensselaer, Ind.

ADVERTISEMENTS

WARNER BROS.

ALWAYS CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Wagons, Machines,
AND ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

RENSSELAER, IND.

IF YOU WANT THE **Line of Lumber,**
BEST IN THE

YOU CAN BUY IT AT THE
RIGHT PRICE OF US.

DONNELLY LUMBER CO.

RENSSELAER, IND

Jessen
THE
Jeweler.



REPAIR WORK
for the
COLLEGE
My SPECIALTY.



**WILL PILOT YOU THROUGH
ALL DIFFICULTIES**

**EVERY HOME
AND SCHOOL**
Should own the New and Enlarged
Edition of the **International**.
It is the one most universally used
in the home and school.

25,000 New Words
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
Edited by W. T. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D.
New Plates. 2380 Quarto Pages.
Rich Bindings. 500 Illustrations.

We also publish
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary
with Scottish Glossary. 1100 Pages.
1400 Illustrations. 7x10x2 5-8 in.

FREE—"A Test in Pronunciation."
Illustrated pamphlets also free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers
Springfield, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS

F. SZWIRSCHINA & CO.
MASQUERADE AND
THEATRICAL COSTUMES,

1110 VINE STREET.

CINCINNATI, O.

DON'T FORGET THAT
FENDIG'S CITY DRUG STORE
IS HEADQUARTERS
FOR BASE BALL AND FOOTBALL SUPPLIES,
TENNIS AND GOLF GOODS
CIGARS AND PIPES, FINE STATIONERY, ALL KINDS OF TOILET
PREPARATIONS.

Our Phone No. 67.

North Side Washington Street.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, PRINTERS OF THE
HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE.

PONTIFICAL INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN ART.

PUBLISHERS

—AND—

BOOKSELLERS.

Manufacturers and Importers of
Church Ornaments, Vestments,
Banners, Regalia, Religious Articles.

Standard Catholic School Books and Prayer Books. Textbooks
for Colleges and Seminaries always on hand.
Regular Importation of Foreign Books...

343 Main Street.

(P. O. Box 857)

CINCINNATI, O.

W. H. EGER,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE AND RANGES,
RENSSELAER, IND.

E. D. Rhoades DEALER in Shelf
& Heavy Hardware

Tinware, Stoves, Oils, and Gasoline. I make a specialty of
Builders' Hardware and Carry a Complete Line of Same.

ADVERTISEMENTS

A. F. LONG, THE DRUGGIST

**POPULAR
PLACE FOR PURE DRUGS.**

Endless Variety of School Supplies, Wall Paper, Window Shades.

PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED DAY AND NIGHT.

—RENSSELAER, IND.

**THE IDEAL, A Strictly ONE PRICE
CLOTHING HOUSE.**

BUSINESS DONE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES ONLY.

NO MISREPRESENTATIONS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOUIS WILDBERG, Proprietor,

Under the Opera House.

RENSSELAER, IND.

**LONG & HARDMAN
JEWELERS,**

DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY AND FANCY CHINA,

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

RENSSELAER, IND.

**J. W. HORTON,
..Dentist..**

CROWN AND BRIDGEWORK
A SPECIALTY.

Office: Opp. Court House,
Rensselaer, Ind.

=====NOTICE!=====

When you come to Rensselaer you must EAT. We suggest that you try

W. C. MILLIRON'S NEW BAKERY AND LUNCH ROOM,

Where you will find a nice, quiet place to Lunch. Will carry in stock a full line of Bakery Goods. Canned Goods in all grades. Fruits, Confectioneries, etc., Wholesale and Retail. OYSTERS and ICE CREAM in Season. Will make a specialty of W. I. Shearer's celebrated Ice Cream. Will be pleased to see all our old patrons, and ask all to call and see one of the finest SODA FOUNTAINS in Northern Indiana.

ROSS HAUKINS, Clerk.

W. C. MILLIRON

ADVERTISEMENTS

P. W. CLARK,
WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
AND JEWELRY.

Watches Repaired.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

JOHN EGER,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars,
Glass and Queensware.



RENSSELAER,
INDIANA.

Vacation Work—
You Can Earn \$300
by representing
MEN AND WOMEN

"At the end of seven weeks, working perhaps from four to five hours a day, I had 500 paid subscriptions to my credit."

JOE HERMAN, Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cedar Point, O.

This is what one successful student says of his vacation work for **MEN AND WOMEN**, the National Catholic Home Journal. He made \$250.00 in seven weeks. This is only one of a hundred such examples.

HERE IS ANOTHER — \$37.00 FOR FOUR DAYS' WORK.

"In past week I worked two whole days and three afternoons and secured 74 subscriptions. I have had excellent success with your journal."—W. H. CORCORAN, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Ask us to send you information concerning the greatest offer for vacation work ever made Catholic students. Write today and we will reserve territory for you and send free sample copy.

THE MEN AND WOMEN PUBLISHING CO.,

111-117 Longworth Street, CINCINNATI, O.